MEMOIR

OF

Major John R. Linton, U. S. A.,
Born Prov. R. I. June 16th
1801

Who fell at Vera Cruz, March 22, 1847.

— By —

— Richard H. Dana —

"In science, in erudition, in taste; in honor, in generosity, in humanity; in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment." Burke.

NEWPORT, R. I.:
DAVIS AND PITMAN, PRINTERS.
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When one of the countless shots thrown in a siege and defence, which might have spent itself in the air or on the ground, takes suddenly out of life a mature and accomplished man, we are made to feel how serious are the chances of war, and how heavily its issues of death may come upon the country and the public service, as well as on the distant circle of private life. Nor are we willing that the loss of such a man should receive only the official or temporary notices of the event and manner of his death.

A graduate of West Point, a Master of Arts in a leading New England college, a scholar in the Greek, Latin and Hebrew languages, carefully and extensively read in theology (for many years his favorite study), well versed in metaphysics, ethics, constitutional and international law, and in an unusual degree acquainted with the rules of municipal and technical jurisprudence, a master of Mathematics and of the scientific part of his own profession, which he had practiced from a boy, well instructed and deeply interested in astronomy, chemistry and most of the physicial sciences, so skillful and so tasteful with his pencil as to have given his pictures a rank among the works of professed artists, and made them intrinsically valuable gifts to his friends, with intellectual powers unusually good by nature, and scrupulously cultivated and held under absolute discipline, with a grave and serious cast of mind from childhood, resulting in a deep-seated and mastering principle of religion, a father, a son and a brother, with a heart set on the kindly affections, bound to life by every tie—such a man, so constituted by nature and so elaborately fitted and adorned for future action, the cruel chances of war, and accidental shot, (I speak as a fool), a senseless iron ball, has in a moment taken

at Tampico, and no longer ago than yesterday lamented to me that he had received no advices as yet of the appointment. He spoke of it again this evening, with highly complimentary reference to Vinton's gallant and distinguished services at Monterey. General Scott repeated this evening that the instantaneous surrender of the city and castle would not assuage his grief, nor compensate the country for the loss of such a son." Toward evening of the 22d March, Major Vinton went out upon an exposed situation, to watch the effect of our shot, and the direction of that from the enemy. He remained there for some time, came down, and said to Major Martin Scott, who commanded the covering party. "Tell the officers, Major, as you pass the mortars, that our guns are working accurately." He had just returned to his post, when a huge shell, striking the top of the parapet, glanced and struck his head, fracturing the skull. He fell instantly dead, lying upon his back, with his arms crossed over his breast, his face, as an officer writes who was present, "retaining its habitual expression, sedate and earnest, but not harsh." The officers and men rushed to him as he fell, and gathered about him. The shell did not burst, fortunately, for it was found to be charged with a pound of powder, and 320 musket balls. Upon his body were found letters from his children, stained with his life blood, which flowed from a wound in his breast. He was buried in the military coat in which he fell. The funeral was attended by the general-in-chief and all the officers who could be spared from duty, and the service of the Church was read over him by a brother officer, a friend of many years, amid the roar of cannon, the falling of the enemy's shot, and the whirling of sand in the fierce Norther—snatched from the victory of the morrow, that his spirit might gain a greater victory over death and the grave.

Having had the melancholy privilege of reading portions of the journals and letters of the deceased, and having learned many particulars of his life from the best sources, I have desired to perform one of the duties a citizen owes to such a man, by presenting his character and services to the

sympathy and admiration they so justly deserve. But I find it will be impossible, within the limits of these columns, to give even a rapid sketch of his life, with such anecdotes and extracts from his journals and letters as will exhibit him in the light in which he has always appeared to those who knew him. It is almost impossible to make selections where there are so abundant materials, each portion of which exhibits some trait we are unwilling to omit. The evidence presented by these letters and journals, and the letters addressed to him at various periods, is of a kind not to be doubted. Opinions expressed after a melancholy or glorious death are apt to be over favorable to the former life and character; but there is no severer trial and no more triumphant issue than when a man is weighed by contemporaneous evidence, furnished without favor or reference to future effect. Tried in this balance, all will agree, nay will ardently proclaim that in Major Vinton, the country has lost a man of extraordinary qualities of mind and heart, who, had he lived, would have adorned the highest stations in his profession in a manner not to be always expected of merely military men.

The son of a lady of uncommon powers of mind, joined with great worth and influence of character, the elder of four brothers, now distinguished in the church and army, he was a boy of unusual promise at school, and was celebrated at West Point, where his instructors, in letters written at the time, pronounced him "unrivalled" in genius, acquirements, and high tone of moral character. He received a commission when scarcely seventeen, was employed for several years on topographical duty on the Atlantic coast and the Canada line, and yet was so good a tactician, that at an early age he was appointed by Gen. Eustis, adjutant at the school of practice, and gave entire satisfaction in that arduous office to a fastidious commander. While residing at Washington, as aid to Gen. Brown, he was employed by the government in several duties of a special nature, and certain papers which he prepared were so generally admired in Congress, that in a leading speech in favor of the Military

Academy, Lieut. Vinton was referred to as an instance of the kind of men the system of that institution could produce.

Indeed, success might be predicted in every thing he undertook; for he had too much self-knowledge to undertake what he was not fitted for, and an energy, method, and high spirit, which yielded to nothing short of necessity. Until the breaking out of the Florida War, nearly all his life was passed in garrison duty on the sea-board, where he had great advantages for the pursuit of his studies. His furloughs were spent in traveling, or in the refined society found in the larger cities, and among libraries and works of art, in which he delighted. His chief recreation was with his pencil, in copying from nature or the great masters, chiefly in land-scapes or scriptural subjects, and his passion for this art seemed to grow with every year of his life. But he constantly bent the powers of his mind to hard and systematic study. The secret of his success is to be found in a few lines of a confidential letter to a young friend, written about this time; "I have been thought over rigid, and even heartless, in my requirements for the formation of excellent character; but it is because I have seen how idle, how senseless and pernicious, are the ordinary habits and views of young men, that I became so *exigeant* in my beau-ideal. I could repudiate all pleasures that do not please on reflection, and abandon every pursuit that does not lead to substantial results. I speak now of precepts applicable to young men of ambition—those who wish to be useful or distinguished in the world. As to drones, I make no rules for them."

By the pursuit of such a course of rigid self-denial and discipline, he was able to perform labors in various departments of art and science, in such a manner as to command the respect of men to whom those pursuits were professional. The works of his pencil are received among artists; his correspondence upon astronomical subjects were valued by men of science; his general scholarship procured him a degree of Master of Arts in a leading University; his

edition of the work on military tactics was highly satisfactory to the government and the general-in-chief; and in the second volume of Mr. Sumner's Reports, the lawyer will find an argument prepared by him in a case in which he was personally interested, depending before Judge Story, to which that judge paid the best compliment of following in his decision, the same course of reasoning pursued in the argument.

His letters show him to have been as remarkable for the soundness of his views as for his acquisitions. With reference to several political and theological subjects of those times, they show us how a thoughtful man, removed from the strife of parties and the whirl of events, may take the same views at which the actors come to after the retrospection of years.

But that which most interests us in his character, is the tenderness and depth of his affections. He had married a lady of distinguished merit and beauty, who died early, leaving three children, two daughters and a son, who now survive both their parents. In his relations as a father, a husband, a son, and a brother, he was sensitive to every impression, and gave and received exquisite pleasure in the interchanges of affection and esteem. In one letter we find an earnest plea for the paternal affection, in answer to a suggestion that it might interfere with the love and duty we owe to the Most High. He speaks from the heart, and and will not permit the natural affections to be severed from religion, and set over against the love of God.

Indeed, the tone of his mind was grave, and its tendencies religious and peaceful. So far was he from falling into the error, common among young military men, of supposing it necessary to profess fondness for war, that he never hesitated to deprecate it as the greatest evil. At the time of the threatened rupture with France, and again with Great Britain, his letters are full of expressions of hope that peace may be preserved, and of suggestions as to the mode of securing it; while he was faithfully preparing himself for duty in the field. But still more earnest is he when, during

the South Carolina difficulties, a civil war seemed impending. "Supposing victory to crown either standard, there is nothing to be hoped for in the subsequent acts of the prevailing party which will promise much for the welfare of the country, or of the human family. Arms, therefore, is an alternative to be deprecated beyond measure. The lessons which are read to us daily from South America, are sufficient to teach the dullest understanding on this point. This is not a government to be supported by bayonets, nor the controversy one of physical prowess. Any arbitration is better than successful contest in the field."

While in Florida, in the prosecution of the war, his mind came under the influence of religion far more than ever before. His whole soul was warmed into a new life, and for a while, like the bewildered apostles, he seemed to "stand gazing up into heaven." His journal and letters during this period are of the most intensely interesting character. Nothing in the famed life of Martyn more touches the heart, than the humility, self-accusation, and child-like devotedness of the high-minded, heroic man. At a secluded post, in the midst of the interminable pine forests, the solitude and silence of which he describes as awful and almost oppressive, far from his family and friends, his mind and affections ripened into the highest state of Christian experience and discipline. He then turned his thoughts, or rather, they were turned for him, towards the office of the Christian ministry. His letters are full of doubts, hopes and plannings for taking Holy Orders. He fears that his health will not enable him to follow a sedentary life; he doubts his fitness; fears that selfish motives, the prospect of being with his family and friends, may combine with others; and examines himself in the most thorough and humble manner. He cannot honorably quit the army then in the field, and the prospect of retiring from it was somewhat distant. His pecuniary affairs, too, were hardly such as to warrant him in yielding up all income for three or four years, and the banks in which his property was invested were embarrassed and in

danger. Then too, he doubts if he is not too old to begin the study of a new profession; but modestly considers his acquirements in the languages, and avers that he aims at no distinction as a scholar or a preacher, but only at that degree of fitness which the rules of the Church require, to enable him to do his work in some humble part of the vineyard. To lose no time he sends for books, and in his tent and in the forest he pores over the Greek and Hebrew, the commentators and sermonizers, and devoutly uses the best books of meditation and reflection. He prepared several outlines of sermons, and in his choice of subjects leaned towards those of a pathetic and personal character, that are more likely to bring tears into the eyes than to tax the understanding. As another preparation, he used to read parts of the service aloud by himself in the forest. He says in his journal: "It requires time and habitude for one to become reconciled to the sound of his own voice. It throws one at first into absolute trepidation. In the solitude it is sufficiently appalling. What must it be in an assembly of people, a silent auditory, where a thousand eyes are fixed upon you, a whole congregation of faces bent upon you, ready to criticise and condemn the slightest fault?" This from a man who could stand with firm nerves a three-hours' fire from concealed Indians, scale the heights and walls of Monterey, and face the blazing batteries of Vera Cruz!

In a letter from Fort Taylor, he says: "Since I have been here, which is five or six weeks, the following has been my daily course: Rise at reveille, private devotions, study Greek and Hebrew. Walk to my palmetto temple, a mile distant. Church service aloud. Return to reading. Dinner. Reading aloud with Major G. Study Greek an hour. Walk with Major G. to palmetto temple, social prayer and hymn. Return to tea. Bible class of twenty soldiers and two or three officers in the evening. After tattoo, retire to my tent, Greek and Hebrew or religious reading, private devotions and bed. On Sundays we have public worship, with good attendance from men and officers, the Major and I officiating alternately. Our interruptions are so few, that the foregoing routine is

carried on with great regularity day after day." It is proper to remark, that this is from a letter written to one whom he had selected as a confidential adviser in his religious habits and studies.

But it is in vain to attempt to do justice to this period of his life. Perhaps it had been better to pass it by in silence. It is of a sacred and private nature, and may not be understood or appreciated when so hastily noticed.

It was Capt. Vinton's fortune to be engaged in one of the few battles of that distasteful war, the action at Lake Munroe. The event, and his own feelings, are faithfully described in his letter of February 12, 1837: "I have at last been an actor in the trying scenes of a battle. Hostile bullets have whistled their strange music in my ears, and my hitherto untried nerves have been tested by the crisis, which puts them to the severest trial. The ordeal has been passed, I may say successfully. I am assured of my ability to be composed and self-possessed, though my comrades were falling on my right hand and my left."

"Early in the morning of the 8th inst., half an hour before light, we were aroused by the war-cry of the savages, and a fire was poured into our camp on all sides, except that towards the lake. Our men, though recruits, almost without exception, repaired with alacrity to their posts and returned upon the enemy full volleys of musketry. The morning was rendered still more obscure by a dense fog, which, with the smoke from the fire-arms, nearly concealed the enemy from our sight. But we had the direction with sufficient precision and poured in our shot with interest. For three hours this conflict continued, with only one or two slight intermissions, our men gaining confidence and enthusiasm every moment. At length the savages began to slacken their fire, and made off carrying their dead and wounded, but leaving behind many articles which they would never have relinquished but for discomfiture and necessity. They came down upon us with all their force, thinking perhaps, to take possession of our camp. Their numbers were large, variously estimated at from three to five hundred, and their fire was sustained with a

vigor and pertinacity unprecedented." In this action Capt. Mellon was killed, and Lieut. McLaughlin and thirteen privates wounded. One man was struck down at Capt. Vinton's side, so near as to cover him with his blood.

Although officers were brevetted and promoted who did not see an Indian nor hear the crack of a rifle during the whole war, and appointments were made from political motives, over the heads of the regular officers, yet Capt. Vinton received no favor from the source of official honor. This has always been considered a gross injustice. Doubtless it was so; but there were reasons which account for, though they do not excuse it. He would never make, nor permit his friends to make for him, those efforts through lobbies and ante-chambers which so often determine official favor. But chiefly, it should be considered, that his intention of leaving the army and taking Holy orders was well known; and on applying for a furlough at the end of the season, he had intimated his intention to resign his commission.

The continuance of the war in Florida, and the financial difficulties of the country, as well as his uncertain health, obliged him to abandon his cherished hope of the ministry, and he made up his mind to devote the remainder of his life to the duties of his profession, to general studies and to the education of his children.

Being at Providence during the Dorr insurrection, he entered ardently into the cause of the State, and saw the necessity of military organization and discipline to save the lives and property, and what is more than life or property, of the inhabitants from the recklessness of an armed mob. He hastened to Washington and asked for authority to offer his services to the State. This was not given, and he was told that he must act on his own responsibility. As he was not forbidden he took the responsibility; and had he been called to account, would have made any sacrifice for the good of his native State. He knew the risk he ran, for it was generally feared that if the Dorr movement prevailed in Providence, it would also prevail in Washington. The people

of Rhode Island well remember and appreciate the value of his military counsels in that crisis, of his incessant disciplining of the volunteer companies, and the spirit and intelligence infused into the young citizen soldiers by his course of military lectures. And we rejoice to know that Rhode Island is to pay to his memory the highest honor a republic can pay to one who has served his country faithfully unto death—the honor of reverently transporting his remains from the field of his fame to the land of his birth, and of interring them among his kindred with the testimonials of a public funeral. She may be congratulated on being able to add the name of Vinton to those of Greene, Perry, Olney, and others of her sons, who in every war on sea and on land, in every part of this continent, from Lake Erie to Vera Cruz, have up-borne the honor of that high-spirited State.

While stationed at the arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, he received orders to join the army of Gen. Taylor, on its march from Rio Grande into the interior of Mexico. During this march, he performed the duties of a field officer, often with a separate command, a proof of peculiar confidence in an enemy's country. He was sent to take possession of Mier, which it was thought would be defended, and to act as governor of the place during its occupation. This he did and remained there until the main army passed on, and then rejoined it in season to act a conspicuous part in the battle of Monterey. His letters, journals and pencil sketches give excellent descriptions of the scenery and inhabitants of his new country, their religion, dress, habits and characters, and present a fine illustration of the uses to which a man of thought and science may put a toilsome and oppressive march. But his letters are yet more marked by his characteristic strength of affection. At every stage he corresponds regularly with each of his children, giving most excellent and affectionate advice, and often touching upon the holiest and most sublime topics. From the rude furniture of his tent, surrounded by armed men and the strongest and coarsest developments of life, he writes a beautiful, critical and sober-minded essay on the presence and agency of the spirits of departed friends, in

which he gives his views of the subject on scriptural grounds, and upon reasons drawn from natural religion and philosophy. Another to his daughter, contains some valuable remarks on the choice of companions in a large school, and one to his son presents in a clear and simple manner, suited to a boy's capacity, the difference between envy and emulation, and gives earnest warning against seeking for relative distinction. All are marked by a sense of the reality of a superintending Providence, and a full belief in an intelligent, personal, sympathetic Supreme Being. In all, he endeavors to instil the governing principle of his own life, a sense of duty. To other friends he writes with vigor and animation upon the campaign and its results, and confesses himself deeply interested in it. After alluding to the hardships of the march, he says: "Yet there is excitement and manly emprise, and on the whole I am far better pleased here than when luxuriating in the polished halls of Augusta Arsenal." On the night of the battle of Monterey, he writes to his daughter, showing a spirit of preparation for the duties and chances of the morrow, which could not but insure him success in whatever might fall to his lot to attempt.

He was with Gen. Worth's division and was actively and prominently engaged in the operations of each day. He was with the troops as they passed so long under the fire from the two heights, in the storming of those heights, the capture of the palace, and the penetrating into the town, the digging through walls and firing from house-tops. He was in five several engagements, in each of which he was exposed to severe fire from the enemy. In the storming of the second hill, he led a battalion on one side of the hill, while Col. Childs commanded on the other, and after forcing their way up over rocks and brambles, amid a shower of musket balls, they drove the enemy from the top, at the point of the bayonet, and forced them to retreat to the stronghold of the bishop's palace.

The part performed by him in the capture of the bishop's palace was of so distinguished a character, and attracted such admiration at the time, that it deserves a full recital here.

We cannot present a juster description of it than is contained in a letter from Capt. Blanchard, who served under him at the time. "I found Capt. J. R. Vinton in command of the advance, and he then told me that his plan was to try to draw the enemy from their position in and near the palace, and when they were fairly out, to rise and charge them vigorously and if possible to get possession of the palace. The advance was covered as much as possible behind the rocks, to protect them from the dreadful shower of grape and musketry which the enemy kept up from their defences. I asked him if we should advance or fire. He told me that I might advance if I did not expose my men too much, and that he wished me to fall back whenever I saw the enemy coming out, until we were upon his line of ambush, and then to close on him and rush on them. It was a well conceived plan and the result showed that it was well executed. The enemy were induced to come out and charge, and as they came up the hill, Capt. Vinton shouted, 'now my men, close and drive them!' With a will they closed to centre, delivered their fire and with charged bayonets rushed on the Mexicans. They were thunder-struck, and after a moment's stand, broke and ran. Our men were in the palace and fort before they all escaped, and in ten minutes their own guns were turned upon them. The main body under Col. Childs came down in solid column and we were the victors. It was a stirring, thrilling scene, and I cannot do it justice, for it should be seen to be felt. Capt. Vinton derived all the credit which his position enabled him to obtain, and I shall always be of the opinion that his plan was an admirable one. I hope he will be promoted, not only for his skilful and gallant conduct on that day, but for his general meritorious conduct as an officer."

This manœuvre, so well-planned and so consummately executed, was distinctly seen by the officers of the brigade on the opposite side, who spoke of it as brilliant in the extreme, and the first reports that reached us, brought his name as conspicuous among the heroes of the day.

After some time spent at Monterey and Saltillo, he was ordered with the greater part of the regulars to join Gen.

Scott in the attack on Vera Cruz. Here it was he wrote his last letter which has already been given to the public. Those who knew him know how truly he speaks of his past life. His country will not forget in what spirit he gave his to her "in her time of appeal." "I have hitherto lived mostly for others—but my children will reap some of the fruits of my self-denial by the means I shall leave them of living independently, and securing a good education. I commit them, in full reliance to the care of their Heavenly Father, and I hope their trust in Him will ever be at least as firm as my own. My confidence in the over-ruling providence of God is unqualified, so that I go to the field of action assured that whatever may befall me will be for the best. I feel proud to serve my country in her time of appeal; and should even the worst, death itself, be my lot, I shall meet it cheerfully."

In the opening of this Memoir, I noticed the manner of his death and the high opinion entertained of him by the general-in-chief. It is gratifying to know that this regard was not owing to accidental intimacy, still less to anything in the nature of favoritism. On the contrary, without intruding into private relations, I may be permitted to say that Capt. Vinton earned, by proofs of a high tone of character and uncommon abilities, addressed to the mind of an honorable and discriminating commander, the favor and confidence he received.

It is painful to reflect that Capt. Vinton died without knowing that his services at Monterey had been appreciated and rewarded by the government. It was six months since the capture of Monterey: Congress had been in session nearly four months, and the session was drawing to a close. Ten regiments had been added to the army. Men of every sort and kind taken from all imaginable situations in life, favored by some political or personal influence, had obtained high titles and commands, overtopping the educated gentlemen of ten and twenty years service: and the men who had fought and bled in the field, the heroes of Monterey, remained unnoticed. Men too, who had never set a squadron in the field, never given or executed an order, were appointed at once to

stations which the regular officers could hardly hope to reach in a long life and after many campaigns. An officer writes: "The army feels keenly that the officers who have so nobly distinguished themselves in the field receive neither brevets nor promotions. Why should not such men as Childs, John R. Vinton and C. F. Smith, and others of that class, be placed at the head of the new regiments." Towards the close of the session, the tardy act of justice was performed but too late to gratify the proper pride of one at least of those to whom it was directed. His appointment as Major, confirmed in March, and dating back to the battle of Monterey, reached the besieging army a few days after his fall. He died in the belief that his services were overlooked. But to such a man with whom duty and not opinion had been the ruling principle, this little honor was not necessary. He made no complaint, but again took his life in his hand and stood among the murderous shells and balls that ploughed the ground about the devoted post, proud of being thought worthy of a trust so conspicuous and so critical. "I observed," says a writer, "the look of gratified pride that lighted up his thoughtful countenance, when the general answered to him that he was appointed to that command."

His habits of order were singularly preserved to the last. On the leaves of a pocket-book he made daily and almost hourly memoranda in pencil, which he afterwards transferred at leisure, to his journal. These notes are carried down in a clear hand, to within less than an hour of his fall, and being found on his person are now in the possession of his friends. The last entry is as follows:

"March 22d, ordered to the trenches to command the batteries, early. Gen. Scott sent in a flag for the city to surrender at 2 p. m., refused. Seven mortars opened at 4 p. m. Heavy cannonading."

These were his last words. In a few minutes he fell.

To those who have questions as to the military calling, it may be said that Major Vinton followed his profession with no unsatisfied or uninquiring conscience. He had settled it in his own mind that the office of an armed magistrate, for

such only is the soldier of a christian civilized state, is an honorable and necessary one in organized society, distinctly recognized in "the ways of God to men," and approved by the best and wisest of all ages and nations. With the devout Fuller he could say, "a soldier is one of lawful, necessary, commendable, and honorable profession," and with the author of the "Kingdom of Christ," he might add, "and what I say further is, that if we attach any sacredness to the Jewish history, as containing the divine specimen of a national life, we cannot refuse to believe that the other nations of antiquity were justified in their deep inward conviction that God has not given swords to men in vain, but that there are occasions on which the magistrate is bound, by his allegiance to God, to cut off offenders against the majesty of law."

It is not alone to the God-fearing and accepted warriors of the old testament, whose lives are written for our example, nor to those whom John the Baptist taught to be just and merciful bearers of the sword, nor to the devout centurion, to whom, in the midst of the Roman camp, the angel could say, "Thy prayers and thine alms have come up as a memorial before God," nor to St. Louis and other hero saints of later ages, that we are to look for illustrations of the great truth, that the application of force, under the solemn sanctions of the highest earthly tribunals, to protect from wrong, and enforce right, whether against our own citizens, or against our neighbors, in tribes or in nations, is a legitimate and recognized portion of the divine government upon earth, administered by human, responsible agents. Until the kingdom of peace shall be fully established on earth, every age will present for our regard its christian warriors, as well as jurists, scholars and statesmen. For the coming of that kingdom, no one prayed more sincerely than he whose beautiful, refined and chastened life terminated, by what we might almost call an incongruity, amidst the uproar of a field of battle.

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Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace:
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover: and attired
With sudden brightness, as a man inspired:
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw:
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes:
Sweet images! which where'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity,
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.